

# LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 6.

## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

(Continued from p. 20.)

I will always bear witness to the extreme amenity with which I was now treated by the French officers. The evening passed over quickly. About eleven we retired to rest, my friend furnishing me with clothes, and warning me that next morning he would call me at daylight to proceed to his father's country seat, where he intimated that I must remain in the meantime.

Next morning I was roused accordingly, and a long, low, open carriage rattled up to the door, just before day dawn. Presently the *reveille* was beaten, and answered by the different posts in the city, and on the ramparts.

We drove on, merely shewing our passport to the sentries at the different bridges, until we reached the gate, where we had to pull up until the officer on duty appeared, and had scrupulously compared our personal appearance with the written description. All was found correct, and we drove on. It surprised me very much, after having repeatedly heard of the great strength of Hamburgh, to look out on the large mound of green turf that constituted its chief defence. It is all true that there was a deep ditch and glacis beyond; but there was no covered way, and both the scarp and counterscarp were simple earthen embankments, so that, had the ditch been filled up with fascines, there was no wall to face the attacking force after crossing it, nothing but a green mound, precipitous enough, certainly, and crowned with a low parapet wall of masonry, and bristling with batteries about half way down, so that the muzzles of the guns were flush with the neighbouring country beyond the ditch. Still there was wanting, to my imagination, the strength of the high perpendicular wall, with its gaping embrasures, and frowning cannon. All this time it never occurred to me that to breach such a defence as that we looked upon was impossible. You might have plumped your shot into until you had converted it into an iron mine, but no chain could have been forced in it by all the artillery in Europe, so battering in breach was entirely out of the question, and this, in truth constituted the great strength of the place. We arrived, after an hour's drive, at the villa belonging to my protector's family, and walked into a large room, with a comfortable stove, and extensive preparations for a comfortable breakfast.

Presently three young ladies appeared; they were his sisters; blue eyed, fair haired, white skinned, round sterner, plump little partridges.

"Haben sie gefruhatucht?" said the eldest.

"Pas encore," said he in French, with a smile. "But, sisters, I have brought a stranger here, a young English officer, who was recently captured in the river."

"An English officer!" exclaimed the three ladies looking at me, a poor little dirty midshipman, in my soiled linen, unbrushed shoes, dirty trowsers and jacket, with my little square of white cloth on the collar; and I began to find the eloquent blood mantling in my cheeks and tingling in my ears; but their kindly feelings got the better of a gentle propensity to laugh, and the youngest said—

"Sie sind gerade zu rechter zeit gekommen." When, finding that her German was Hebrew to me, she tried the other tack. "Vous urriez a propos, le dejeune est pret."

However, I soon found that the moment they were assured that I was in reality an Englishman, they all spoke English, and exceedingly well too. Our meal was finished, and I was standing at the window looking out on a small lawn, where evergreens of the most beautiful kinds were chequered with little round

clumps of most luxuriant hollyhocks, and the fruit-trees in the neighbourhood were absolutely bending to the earth under their loads of apples and pears.

Presently my friend came up to me; my curiosity could no longer be restrained. "Pray, my good sir, what peculiar cause, may I ask, have you for shewing me, an entire stranger to you, all this unexpected kindness? I am fully aware that I have no claim on you."

"My good boy, you say true; but I have spent the greatest part of my life in London, although a Hamburgh born, and I consider you therefore in the light of a countryman; besides, I will not conceal that your gallant bearing before Davoust riveted my attention, and engaged my good wishes."

"But how come you to have so much influence with the man—general, I mean?"

"For several reasons," he replied; "for those, amongst others, you heard the colonel who has taken the small liberty of turning me out of my own house in Hamburgh, mention last night at supper; but a man like Davoust cannot be judged of by common rules. He has, in short, taken a fancy to me, for which you may thank your stars—although your life has been actually saved by the Prince having burned his fingers. But here comes my father."

A venerable old man entered the room, leaning on his stick. I was introduced in due form.

"He had breakfasted in his own room," he said, "having been ailing, but he could not rest quietly after he heard there was an Englishman, in the house until he had himself welcomed him. \* \* \*

The city lay about four miles distant from us. The whole country about Hamburgh is level, except the right bank below it, of the noble river on which it stands, the Elbe. The house where I was domiciled stood on nearly the highest point of this bank, which gradually sloped down into a swampy hollow, nearly level with the river. It then rose again gently until the swell was crowned with the beautiful town of Altona, and immediately beyond appeared the ramparts and tall spires of the noble city itself.

The morning had been thick and foggy, but as the sun rose, the whitewash that had floated over the whole country, gradually concentrated and settled down into the hollow between us and Hamburgh, covering it with an impervious veil, which even extended into the city itself, filling the lower part of it with a dense white bank of fog, which rose so high that the spires alone, with one or two of the most lofty buildings, appeared above the rolling sea of white fleece-like vapour, as if it had been a model of the stronghold, in place of the reality, packed in white wool, so distinct did it appear, diminished as it was in the distance. On the tallest spire of the place, which was now sparkling in the early sunbeams, the French flag, the pestilent tricolor, that Upas-tree, waved sluggishly in the faint morning breeze."

[As the party were watching this spectacle, they were startled by the sounds of war. They, however, proceeded to take breakfast, listening meanwhile to the rattle of distant musketry and to the roar of cannon from a hill beyond them.]

Presently the rolling fire slackened, and after a few scattering shots here and there, ceased altogether; but the cannon on the hill still continued to play. We were by this time all standing in a cluster in the porch of the villa, before which stood the tubs with the finny spoil of the fish-pond, [they had just drained] on a small paddock of velvet grass, about forty yards square, separated from the high road by a low ornamental fence of green basket-work, as already mentioned. The firing from the great guns increased, and every

now and then I thought I heard a distant sound, as if the reports of the guns above us had been reflected from some precipitous bank.

"I did not know that there was any echo here," said the youngest girl.

"Alas, Jeanette!" said her brother, "I fear that is no echo;" and he put his hand to his ear, and listened in breathless suspense. The sound was repeated.

"The Russian cannon replying to those on the hill!" said Mr. \*\*\*, with startling energy. "God help us! it can no longer be an affair of posts; the heads of the Allied columns must be in sight, for the French skirmishers are unquestionably driven in."

A French officer at this moment rattled past us down the road at speed, and vanished in the hollow, taking the direction of the town. His hat fell off, as his horse swerved a little at the open gate, as he passed. He never stopped to pick it up. Presently a round shot, with a loud ringing and hissing sound, pitched over the hill, and knocked one of the fish-tubs close to us to pieces, scattering the poor fish all about the lawn. With the recklessness of a mere boy I dashed out, and was busy picking them up, when Mr. \*\*\* called me to come back.

"Let us go in, and await what may befall; I dread what the ty—" Hero he prudently checked himself, remembering no doubt, "that a bird of the air might carry the matter"— "I dread what he may do, if they are really investing the place. At any rate, here, in the very arena where the struggle will doubtless be fiercest, we cannot abide. So go, my dear sisters, and pack up whatever you may have most valuable, or most necessary. Nay, no tears; and get the carriage ready, if God help me, I dare use it."

"But where, in the name of all that is fearful, shall we go?" said his second sister. "Not back to Hamburgh—not to endure another season of such degradation—not to be exposed to the—Oh brother, you saw we all submitted to our fate without a murmur, and laboured cheerfully on the fortifications, when compelled to do so by that inhuman monster Davoust, amidst the ribaldry of a licentious soldiery, merely because poor Janette had helped to embroider a standard for the brave Hanseatic Legion—you know how we bore this—here the sweet girl held out her delicate hands, galled by actual and unwonted labour—and many other indignities, until that awful night, when—No, brother, we shall await the arrival of the Russians, even should we see our once happy home converted into a field of battle; but into the city we shall not go."

"Be it so, then, my dearest sister. Wilhelm, put up the *stuhl wagen*."

He had scarcely returned into the breakfast-room, when the door opened, and the very handsome young officer, the aide-de-camp of the Prince, whom I had seen the night I was carried before Davoust, entered, splashed up to the eyes, and much heated and excited. I noticed blood on the hilt of his sword. His orderly sat on his foaming steed, right opposite where I stood, wiping his bloody sabre on his horse's mane. The women grew pale; but still they had presence of mind enough to do the honours with self-possession. The stranger wished us a good morning; and on being asked to sit down to breakfast, he unbuckled his sword, threw it from him with a clash on the floor, and then, with all the grace in the world, addressed himself to discuss the *comestibles*. He tried a slight approach to jesting now and then; but seeing the heaviness of heart which prevailed amongst the women, he, with the good-breeding of a man of the world, forbore to press his attentions.

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Breakfast being finished, and the ladies having retired, he rose, buckled on his sword again, drew on his gloves, and taking his hat in his hand, he advanced to the window, and desired his men 'to fall in.'

'Men—what men?' said poor Mr. \*\*\*.

'Why, the Marshal has had a company of *sapeurs* for these three days back in the adjoining village—they are now here.'

'Here!' exclaimed \*\*\*; 'what do the sappers here?' Two of the soldiers carried slow matches in their hands, while their muskets were slung at their backs. 'There is no mine to be sprung here?'

The young officer heard him with great politeness, but declined giving any answer. The next moment he turned towards the ladies, and was making himself as agreeable as time and circumstances would admit, when a shot came crashing through the roof, broke down the ceiling, and knocking the flue of the stove to pieces, rebounded from the wall, and rolled harmlessly beneath the table. He was the only person who did not start, or evince any dread. He merely cast his eyes upward and smiled. He then turned to poor \*\*\*, who stood quite collected, but very pale, near where the stove had stood, and held out his hand to him.

'On my honour,' said the young soldier, 'it grieves me to the very heart; but I must obey my orders. It is no longer an affair of posts; the enemy is pressing on us in force. The Allied columns are in sight; their cannon-shot have but now penetrated your roof; we have but driven in their pickets; very soon they will be here; and in the event of their advance, my orders are to burn down this house and the neighbouring village.'

A sudden flush rushed into Mr. \*\*\*'s face. 'Indeed! does the Prince really—'

The young officer bowed, and with something more sternness in his manner than he had yet used, he said, 'Mr. \*\*\*, I duly appreciate your situation, and respect your feelings; but the Prince of Eckmühl is my superior officer, and under other circumstances—Here he slightly touched the hilt of his sword.

'For myself I don't care,' said \*\*\*; 'but what is to become of my poor sisters?'

'They must proceed to Hamburg.'

'Very well—let me order the *stuhl wagen*, and give us, at all events, half an hour to move our valuables.'

'Certainly,' said the young officer; 'and I will myself see you safe into the city.'

Who says that cels cannot be made used to skinning? The poor girls continued their little preparations with an alacrity and presence of mind that truly surprised me. There was neither screaming nor fainting, and by the time the carriage was at the door, they, with two female domestics, were ready to mount. I cannot better describe their vehicle, than by comparing it to a canoe mounted on four wheels, connected by a long perch, with a coach-box at the bow, and three gig-bodies hung athwart ships, or slung inside of the canoe, by leather thongs. At the moment we were starting, Mr. \*\*\* came close to me and whispered, 'Do you think your ship will still be in the river?'

I answered that I made no doubt she was.

'But even if she be not,' said he, 'the Holstein bank is open to us. Anywhere but Hamburg now.' And the scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

At this moment there was a bustle on the hill top, and presently the artillery began once more to play, while the musketry breezed up, again in the distance. A mounted bugler rode half way down the hill, and sounded the *recall*. The young officer hesitated. The man waved his hand, and blew the *advance*.

'It must be for us—answer it.' His bugle did so. 'Bring the pitch, men—the flax—so now—break the windows, and let the air in—set the house on fire; and, Sergeant Guido, remain to prevent it being extinguished—I shall fire the village as we pass through.'

He gave the word to face about, and desiring the men to follow at the same swinging run with which the whole of the infantry had originally advanced, he spurred his horse against the hill, and soon disappeared. \*

Away we trundled, until coming to a cross-road, we turned down towards the river, and at the angle we could see thick wreaths of smoke curling up into the air, shewing that the barbarous order had been but too effectually fulfilled. \*

The driver of the *stuhl wagen* skinned along, until we arrived at the beautiful, when a mile off, but the beastly, when close to, village of Blankenese. \*

When the *voiture* stopped in the village, there seemed to be a *nonplusulation*, to coin a word for the nonce, between my friend and his sisters. They said something very sharp, and with a degree of determination that startled me. He gave no answer. Presently the Amazonian attack was renewed.

'We shall go on board,' said they.

'Very well,' said he; 'but have patience, have patience.'

'No, no; *Wann wird man sich einschiffen müssen?*'

By this time we were in the heart of the village, and surrounded with a whole lot, forty at least, of Blankenese boatmen. We were not long in selecting one of the fleetest-looking of those very fleet boats, when we all trundled on board, and I now witnessed what struck me as an awful sign of the times. The very coachman of the *stuhl wagen*, after conversing a moment with his master, returned to his team, tied the legs of the poor creatures as they stood, and then with a sharp knife cut their jugular veins through and through on the right side, having previously reined them up sharp to the left, so that, before starting, we could see three of the team, which consisted of four superb bays when we started, level with the soil and dead; the near wheeler only holding out on his fore-legs.

We shoved off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after having twice been driven into creeks on the Holstein shore by bad weather, we arrived about two next morning safely on board the *Torch*, which immediately got under weigh for England.

#### LIVES OF EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

A second volume of this work, by John Carne, Esq. author of "Letters from the East," &c. has lately been issued in London. We copy parts of a notice of the publication, from one of the journals, and select some examples.

"To the merits of the first volume of this interesting publication our page bore ample testimony; and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we find ourselves called upon to speak in equally high terms of the continuation of the work. Pursuing his plan, the author has here presented us with the lives of eight missionaries; and with accounts of two missions, generally, into Madagascar and Labrador. The former relate to David Zeisberger, the Moravian, who explored America in the middle of last century; to J. T. Vanderkemp and Kicherer, who went to the Cape in 1798; to Claudio Buchanan, whose labours were devoted to India; to Jens Haven, well known for his efforts to convert the natives of Labrador; to Mrs. Anne Judson, led by Buchanan's star to propagate the gospel in Burmah; to David Brainerd, another zealous American missionary; and to William Milne, who made China the theatre of his pious exertions. The variety in these memoirs, arising out of the difference in the countries where the events they describe took place, possesses a charm for every reader, even were amusement the sole object in view; but a far superior enjoyment is created by a sense of the widely extended benefits to our species flowing from the devotedness of virtuous, and enthusiastic, and enduring individuals, to the cause of usefulness and truth."

As we before observed, Mr. Carne comes to his task with the genuine spirit which should fill a writer on such subjects. He has travelled too far, and seen too much of the world and mankind, to be a fanatic; but he has, at the same time, been enabled to acquire or confirm strong opinions, and he has developed them with consistency, devoid alike of sectarian sourness or the pride which spurns humility. His style is suited to his subject,—easy and intelligent; and where novel information was to be found, he seems to us to have sought it with diligence, and brought it forward with effect."

"It is sometimes observable, that with men who make their home 'in the wild places of the earth,' to whose burning zeal many nations seem too narrow a limit, there is little susceptibility to the warm affections of our nature, which are quenched in a loftier enthusiasm. Howard traversed all Europe to bring comfort to its dungeons, but was a stern father to his only son. The angelic Lopez left his illustrious family in Spain, and went to Mexico, to the valley of Amajac, to devote his life to the Indians; but never after inquired for his parents or his brothers, because he wished to die to each earthly attachment. It was not thus with Zeisberger, whose way was strewed with many a friendship, deep, romantic, and faithful, as was ever felt by man, and the more enduring, because it was formed in sorrow and persecution. The son of Saul had not so cleaved unto David with 'a love passing that of woman,' but that the latter, encompassed by treachery and death, was thrown helplessly on his protection. And it was not the calumet of peace, his skill in the chase, or the welcome of the knight, that knit the soul of the warrior to the Moravian: he came a fugitive and friendless; his heart-felt appeal was heard; and the chieftain who, had he met him armed in the woods, would have thirsted for his blood, admired his sufferings and endurance; stood in the breach against his adversaries; and, after a time, he loved him! But many had now fallen from his side; some he had followed to the wild burial-place in the forest; others had perished in battle, or at the stake. Of his European companions, several had passed the Atlantic to calmer scenes. Frederic Camerhoff, Pyrus, and others, already rested from their labours. His parents slept in the burial-ground at Bethlehem; but ere their eyes were closed by their only son, they had felt the inexpressible joy of seeing him devoted, in his own words, 'soul and body unto the Lord.' His intimacy with Spangenberg, and the admirable Camerhoff, had been cemented in many a pilgrimage: others came in their place, but they were not the same in affection or companionship. Men who live in towns and cities, amidst all the stirring excitements and changes of life, find it easy to form fresh intimacies and friendships; but to one who was a denizen of the wild, far from European society, this was a difficult task."

Zeisberger lived sixty years among the Indians; and, during the last forty, visited his brethren in the United States but three times. In him the fearlessness and hardihood of the Indian warrior were united with the faith and simplicity of the Christian. When he began to feel the infirmities of age coming upon him, he strove to complete his translations of portions of the Scriptures, and other writings, into the Delaware language. He finished the hymn-book now in use; it consists of hymns of his own translating, and forms a large volume; he left also a valuable Delaware grammar. Gently, and almost unconsciously, old age came on: when he could no longer travel, he visited every home in the settlement, from day to day, with unremitting diligence and affection. But, being visited with total blindness, he rested within his home, and went forth no more. His friends often read to him; and he instructed the younger missionaries. The calamity that had fallen on him, he bore without a murmur: it was a terrible one, even to a

man so near the grave. Oh, bitter, bitter is the loss of all the dear and living scenes of nature! The mountain, the lake, the stream, the glorious forest—to see them no more for ever—to see no more the sunrise or set, and his changing hues pass away on the plain. Zeisberger felt the loss above all men: during seventy years his home had been among these scenes; his bed by night, his pilgrimage by day, so that 'they were graven on his heart.' We can fancy how he would love, like the patriarch of old, to sit beside his door at evening, and listen to the rising wind among the woods, and the breaking of the waves on the shore, and feel the last sunbeams on his withered cheek." He died aged eighty-eight, in the winter of 1808.

"The natives [of Labrador] were rarely visited by famine, having in general plenty of food; the reindeer, the bear, and the musk-ox, besides the seal and walrus, and the birds which they entrap; the two former are the most esteemed. In summer they often pitch their tents by the side of the lakes, which abound in the country, and being surrounded by rocky hills, have a picturesque appearance, when, in the month of July, the sun rests on them with a dazzling radiance. The heat is then oppressive. Into these lakes the Esquimaux often drive the deer, and then, pursuing them in their canoes, spear them ere they reach the shore. The scene is highly animating, and would be relished even by sportsmen of more refined lands. The exulting cries of the women and children on the bank, or at the tent-door; the rapid sweep of the canoes after the panting deer, whose noble antlers are seen towering above the surface, while he urges all his speed to escape; then the blow of the spear, and the death struggle. The pastures around these lakes afford excellent feeding for the game, which is found here in herds. It is melancholy to see the snows fall in August, and cover the green pastures, and hang heavy on the scanty fir woods, and at last compel the hunters to leave their favourite grounds. Then the fresh and sweet rivulets, pouring from the hills, are quickly converted into solid ice; the shrill and mournful cries of the birds—sweet sounds to the lonely—are gradually hushed; a dense fog covers mountain and plain; and when it breaks at times, what an awful vista is before the eye! indistinct, moving to and fro in menacing forms, as if the dim spirits of Torngak were there. The sea streams like a lime-kiln; the day perishes fast; and the moon rises, with a sickly lustre,—the only watcher over the buried land! In this death of the senses, the fancy often wanders intensely to some long-lost scene, the bright and beautiful contrast of all that is around—to some forest of wanton verdure, of glades and wild-flower banks, and the melody of birds. Often did the Moravians remember the loved retreats and walks around Hernhut, or Marienborn; even the ancient oak, the waving corn-field the rank vegetation glorifying in the hot hour of noon. These ideal pictures, almost as vivid as if they actually passed before the eye, are an absolute relief and luxury: and the sad dull world, without and within, cannot quell their power. The writer felt this power, when a captive in an Arab camp, in the bosom of a burning valley of sand, where there was no green thing, not even a shrub, or a poor withered tree, to give a mock of life. Close on every side rose dark and rugged precipices, which could not be passed: it was the hold of despair. The sun fell with a dreadful glare on the white sand; and seeking the poor shadow of the rock, he sought to gather an ideal world around; it came at his call—a world that no enemy could take away. Woods of eternal verdure and exquisite gloom; even Crusoe's lonely island, with its groves of orange, sweet fountains, and banks of perfume, became almost embodied in this scene of desolation. The summit is a wide and frightful desert, full of rocks, dry fissures, and ravines, with scarcely a cave to shelter the head 'from

the heat by day, or the blast by night.' But this summit looks down on a scene of tantalizing loveliness and plenty; even the plain of Jericho, the deep and cool fountain of Elisha, wildly gushing away—the rich valley that stretches far to the lake of Tiberias—the groves of palm, the noble pastures, covered with flocks! What an aggravation to the anguish of hunger and thirst, was such a scene perpetually before the eye, did not the human nature feel that the contrast heightened the intensity of suffering. This mountain is to Jerusalem the nearest scene answering to the description given of a desolate wilderness."

This digression, and allusion to his own travels, has gratified us so much, that we shall take our leave of Mr. Carne book with the pleasing impression it has made, in the hope that it will produce a similar effect upon our readers, and induce them to consult the original, and derive from it the instruction and improvement it is so well calculated to convey to every well-regulated mind."

#### TALE OF A CONJURER.

For persons who are pleased with the supernatural, we add the following from "Oonagh Lynch," a new London publication.

"Sir Patrick presented some jewels of value to his bride; and when she had admired them and thanked him, he drew forth a small flat ebony case, and said, 'I have yet another gift to make you, of more value, which I would not confound with the trifles you have received: it has been the most esteemed of our possessions for some generations back. It has been given always by the head of our house to his bride, and preserved with the utmost care. There is, added he, smiling, 'some superstitious tale, which I forget, attached to it. I give it you, and shall be really grieved if you lose it.' The case contained a most curious and magnificent rosary of gold and enamel, with precious stones and large pearls interspersed; the workmanship as beautiful as the materials were precious. Anastasia readily promised to preserve it all her life, and caused a cabinet to be constructed, three sides of which were glass, on the fourth the rosary and all the jewels of value she possessed were suspended, and visible though locked up. This cabinet accompanied her in all her journeys. Sir Patrick, previous to the Revolution, had sometimes been intrusted with secret missions to the court of France, where he was always well received, and Lady Lynch, who was very beautiful, much admired. On the last of these occasions they remained some months at Paris; and among the persons who frequented their hotel was a young Italian abbe, who was remarkably clever and agreeable, and made himself extremely useful. He knew where every thing was to be found, and its price; where every body lived, and who they were. He particularly shone when a fete was to be given; he planned the preparations, and saw to their execution,—in short, he began by pleasing, and ended by being necessary. One day Lady Lynch accosted him with an air of anxiety, very unusual to her fair face. 'Ah, Mr. l'abbe,' said she, 'I must confide a circumstance to you which distresses me more than I can describe. My beautiful rosary has been stolen from my cabinet,—see the glass in that side has been broken, and it is gone! I have looked every where, and so has my maid; I cannot learn how it has gone;—and how can I look Sir Patrick in the face? he will be so angry! —He returns from Versailles the day after to-morrow. What shall I do? I do not like to proclaim my loss and apply to the police, in the hope I may find it without Sir Patrick knowing that it ever was missing. What shall I do?' The abbe expressed his satisfaction at her having had recourse to him, and undertook the affair with great readiness, though he had only two days to dedicate to the search; on the third he was to proceed to Italy on affairs of the greatest moment. He assured Lady Lynch that, if her jewels were still in Paris, he thought he should succeed.—Meantime Lady Lynch frequently expressed to her maid the anxiety she felt that the rosary might be recovered. The maid, after many of those broken hints with which persons who are eager yet fear to make a disclosure precede it, at length confessed she knew a man who had on similar occasions served persons in such circumstances, and proposed Lady Lynch should consult him. Anastasia, who was naturally nervous, timid, and imaginative, though fearful, was curious, and resolved to consult the conjuror, if it could be done privately, for she feared the ridicule of her husband and friends. Her maid made the necessary arrangements; and late in the evening Anastasia, dressed in the clothes of her attendant, who accompanied her, proceeded in a hackney coach, through a number of dirty and distant streets, to an obscure house, in a quarter with the appearance of which she was entirely unacquainted. At length they descended from the carriage, which was desired to wait; and the maid guided Lady Lynch through a long narrow alley, terminated by a door, where, after ringing, they waited some time for admission. An aged negro asked whom they wanted; and on the maid replying that they came to speak to Mr. Bontemps, the negro rang another bell, and leaving them for a few moments, returned with a small brass lamp, and preceded them up a gloomy stone staircase, where the dust of ages seemed to have accumulated. Anastasia, as she followed, almost repented her curiosity. They arrived at another door, at which the negro knocked, and they were immediately admitted by a tall man, who asked their commands. There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of Mr. Bontemps: he was tall and sallow, with a keen bold eye, about fifty years of age, expressing himself in a slow distinct manner, civil and calm. The maid assumed the office of explanation, and told him her friend had lost a rosary of value, and wished him to tell her where to seek it. Mr. Bontemps replied, he should have pleasure in doing so, but there was a preliminary condition to be observed. Anastasia drew forth her purse, and presented him with five louis-d'ors. 'Though I accept your ladyship's gift, I shall expect a similar sum if I have the good fortune to serve you upon this occasion,' replied Mr. Bontemps. 'This is not all I exact; you must swear never to reveal to any human being your visit to me, and its result.' Lady Lynch, though rather alarmed and surprised at being called by her title, readily promised never to reveal her visit, and what she should then see, to any human being. 'Though I make no doubt of your sincerity and resolution, madam,' said the conjuror, 'your fidelity to the engagement is of so much importance to me, that I am obliged to make it your interest to preserve your promise inviolate.—Should you betray me, eight days and eight nights from the time you do so, you will pay with your life for the indiscretion.' Anastasia willingly, though not without perturbation, agreed to the justice of a punishment which she resolved not to incur. Mr. Bontemps then drew from a small shagreen case a lancet, with which he slightly touched Lady Lynch's hand, and extracted a drop of blood, into which he dipped a pen, and requested she would write the first letter of her baptismal name on a slip of parchment he presented. She did so. He then desired the maid to wait for them, and led Anastasia through a long gloomy passage, hung with spiders' webs of extraordinary dimensions, and only lighted by the lamp he bore, to a very large room. On one side hung a large dark curtain of brown stuff. There was no furniture except a wooden stool, on which he requested the trembling inquirer to seat herself, opposite but at some distance from the curtain. She obeyed; and he then threw some powder and gums on a small brasier of charcoal that was near, but which she had not till then observed. A blue light spread around the apartment, the brasier burnt with a hissing noise, and Mr. Bontemps flour-

ished a long ebony wand round his head, uttering many words in some unknown language. He then drew aside the curtain; and the smoke from the brasier beginning to subside, Lady Lynch beheld, in the mirror, an apartment represented, which contained an Indian cabinet with folding-doors: that on the right hand was open, and she beheld her rosary within it; and her friend the abbe writing at a table, on which were many parcels! She contemplated the scene for several minutes, when the sorcerer again threw some gums on the brasier, and, when the smoke was dissipated, the curtain had fallen. Some moments of silence ensued, when Mr. Bontemps said, 'You have seen, I doubt not, madam, the jewel you seek. I know not the person who sat by, but depend upon my assurance that it is in his possession. You have also seen the place where he has deposited his prize. You must do the rest; and above all, remember your promise: if you fail in your part of the engagement, be certain I shall not forget mine.' As he pronounced these words, the countenance of Mr. Bontemps assumed an expression so sinister, and his voice sounded so hoarse and sepulchral, that Lady Lynch, in much perturbation, reiterated her promise, and departed, after having munificently recompensed the sorcerer, whose presence she rejoiced to quit. She directly ordered the coachman to proceed to the abode of the abbe, which she knew from having frequently addressed notes of invitation, or containing commissions for his performance. On arriving there, she would not suffer herself to be announced, but ran up the stairs, closely following the servant. On the door of the abbe's apartment being opened, she found his chamber precisely similar to that represented by the mirror of Mr. Bontemps! The abbe was sitting at a table covered with packets, and between the windows stood a black Indian cabinet. He rose in some confusion at the unexpected visit with which he was honoured, and with which, at that moment, perhaps he would willingly have dispensed.—Lady Lynch said, that having business in that part of the city, and not choosing to be seen, she had gone out in a hackney coach, which had broken down opposite his door; and that, knowing he lived there, she had determined to come in to ask for a glass of water, and to recover her alarm. There is no knowing what construction the abbe might have put upon this extraordinary proceeding of Lady Lynch, had he not been, from the moment of her entrance, so pre-occupied and embarrassed, that he could with difficulty recollect himself enough to call for water, and offer it with an attempt to express concern for her alarm. Anastasia seated herself on a stool near the cabinet, and after speaking some few moments on indifferent subjects, admired his apartments; and, affecting to laugh, said, looking at the cabinet—'This is, no doubt, the repository for your billets: I shall look at it.' The abbe started, and said the cabinet contained letters only; and was rising from his seat, when Lady Lynch suddenly opened the door, and discovered her rosary in the spot corresponding with that represented in the conjuror's mirror! She took it up, saying—'Oh! what a trick! I suspected you had a mind to frighten me, and really you succeeded. In another day I should have been quite ill with vexation. It was too mischievous of you!' She continued to laugh and reproach him."

Sir Patrick returns home, hears of her mysterious absence, becomes jealous, and she reveals the secret, but with great misgivings.

"In order to distract her attention, he insisted on her accompanying him to a great entertainment, which was to take place that evening at the hotel of the English Ambassador, and she unwillingly prepared to accompany him. In spite of her anxiety, she had never looked more beautiful than when she prepared to descend to her carriage; and Sir Patrick could not resist an exclamation of admiration as he surveyed her appearance, while she paused to open a letter which the

servant had just presented. Lady Lynch suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and fainted. In the confusion that ensued, and during the convulsions which she underwent for some hours afterwards, the attendants knew not to what to attribute her strange disorder.—Sir Patrick sought for the letter which she had received at the time, and found only a blank cover, containing a small strip of parchment, on which Anastasia had written the first letter of her baptismal name at the request of the sorcerer! Lady Lynch's complaints did not decrease, though her senses returned. The attendance of the most skilful physicians was of no avail; and though when her agitation subsided, a quickened pulse and feverish excitement were the only symptoms of malady that could be detected, she gradually sank, and on the 8th evening from that on which the explanation took place with Sir Patrick, she raised her head from the pillow, and pointing to the dial of a clock which stood opposite to the foot of her bed, she sank back and expired!"

#### TASTE AND INVENTION.

A fairy she, descent from royal race,  
Knowledge and Elegance her parents hight,  
And she was nurtured by the hand of Grace,  
With sweet simplicity, a lovely wight.  
Thence grew she up, the charm of every sight,  
For such her power, that e'en the desert waste  
Became with verdure clothed divinely bright  
Where'er her flowery steps their wanderings traced  
Such was this wondrous say whom men ycleped TASTE.

A little page hath she, of wond'rous skill,  
Whose starry eyes outpiece the diamond's ray;  
Whose tiny fingers mould whate'er they will  
In flinty rocks, pure gold, or slippery clay  
His cunning hands can beauty's self pourtray;  
And well his mind hath conn'd all hidden lore,  
That may his lady's magic spells display.  
INVENTION he, whom in the days of yore,  
Fancy, a blooming sprite, to sage Experience bore.

**PETER BALES, THE CALIGRAPHER.**—Among other specimens of his art, it is recorded that he presented Queen Elizabeth with the manuscript of Hollingshead's *Chronicles* set in a ring of gold covered with a crystal; he had also contrived a magnifying glass of such power, that, to her delight and wonder, her majesty read the whole volume, which she held on her thumb nail, and "recommended the same to the lords of the council, and the ambassadors," and frequently, as Peter often heard, did her majesty vouchsafe to wear this caligraphic ring.

**M. UDE'S PATE D'AMOUR.**—The pastry-cook of Bagdad ruined himself by omitting an unheard-of ingredient in a cream-tart. Monsieur Ude is said to have had as sad work when in Paris, by the insertion in a *pate* of an article 'at least as strange. Ude had fallen in love—a frailty incident to gods and cooks—and matters were nearly brought to matrimony. Previous, however, to his taking this measure, Ude prudently made a calculation (he is an excellent steward) of the expenses incidental to the state of bliss, and in the estimate put down Madame's expenditure at so many Louis. Now it was customary with M. Ude to convey his billets in the envelope of a pasty-work; and having made up his mind to commit marriage, he wrote to his intended, with an offer of his hand and heart, and this note was intended to be shrouded in a *Pate d'Amour*; unfortunately, in the confusion of love and cookery, the estimate of housekeeping was sent instead of the proposal. The next day M.

Ude was apprised of his mistake by the receipt of an epistle from his mistress, stating the high estimation in which she held M. Ude; but that as — Louis were too small an allowance for a woman of fashion, she must decline the honour of becoming Madame Ude. The story got wind, and by a sort of *lucus-a-non-lucendo* analogy, the equivocists of Paris changed the name of *Pate d'Amour* into *Pate d'Amour*.

**AANSPREKKERS.**—One cannot walk the length of a street in Amsterdam without meeting a certain gentleman dressed in black, with a capo depending from his hat, and a sheet of paper in his hand. He is known by the name of *aansprecker*, (announcer, or reporter,) whose business is to go round to the relatives and acquaintances of a deceased person, to announce his death. To give notice to the friends of the birth of a child, a written bulletin is frequently stuck up on the door-post of the house, stating the health of the mother and child to be, as usual, as well as can be expected.\*

\* One of the whims of the celebrated comedian "Dicky Suet," when he was one time confined to his room by sickness, was, to have attached to his outer door a daily bulletin, inscribed with the state of his health. The design was probably intended as a burlesque of the above custom, or as a satire on the etiquette observed by "illustrious personages" on similar occasions. The amusement afforded to the "fun-loving" public in a metropolis like London may be more easily conceived than described.

**PRESNTATION OF PLATE.**—It is one thing to write a good speech and another to speak one. This fact was illustrated some years since in a neighbouring county, in which a regiment of yeomanry cavalry had resolved on presenting their Colonel with a splendid silver porter jug, through the hands of the Adjutant. The day of review came on, when the present was to be made—the Colonel had got a hint, and had prepared a splendid oration to return thanks. The Adjutant's presentation speech was to be unsurpassable; the troops were drawn out in line, all eyes were turned towards the Adjutant, as he advanced before the soldiers, holding the glittering gift in his hand, and the Colonel waiting to hear the address of the giver. All ears were intent to hear the reply. Alas! memory in both individuals had proved a treacherous guardian of her treasures. The Adjutant approached, extended his hand, presenting the donation, but all his speech was—"Cornel, there's the jug;" and this was the equally oblivious officer's reply—"Aye, that is the jug?"—Eng. pap.

**LOBSTERS.**—Southey mentions in his Naval History, that "naval war, since the introduction of gunpowder, has affected the lobsters. After a great naval action the fishermen say that those on the adjacent coast are found to have cast their claws, and for a while they forsake those parts." Heavy thunder is said to produce the same effect.

**FRENCH ORTHOGRAPHY.** The French are noted for their singular perversion of English names; the custom is of old standing, for Froissart used to spell Oxford Acquesussoff.

**ED.** We are obliged by the preference shewn us by "Fredonia," but the anecdote he offers has been too extensively circulated for admission in our columns.

**"LITERARY GEMS."**—This publication is for sale in single numbers at two cents each, or six and a quarter cents for four copies, stitched in a cover, at 206 Broadway, 16 Merchants' Exchange, and by Booksellers.

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